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sumed, they fastened upon Mr. Thomas Ball, one of their resident artists, to chisel the marble. Mr. Thomas Ball has not only chiseled out an admirable likeness, but has given a great name to the artistic list of the United States—his own. Mr. Ball has essentially given the Boston public, and in some sort—we presume we shall not be sneered at by our Boston readers for saying so—the public of the nation, a work which blends his name with that of the greatest actor this country has produced, and carved the noblest portrait-statue which has proceeded from the studio of any living sculptor for the last quarter of a century. Had he been anything but a Bostonian, we should in all probability have quadrupled that period. The portrait is in some sort an ideal portrait inasmuch as it represents Mr. Forrest in character. The character is one in which he is permanently identified with the history of our stage—being we believe the only American who has embodied it—that of *Coriolanus*. The size is beyond that of life—the *pose* is grand and dignified, but without much action. The head is slightly turned to the right, and the figure is armed and draped with a mantle which falls over the left shoulder and allows the display of muscular knowledge only on the breast, the right arm, part of the left, the lower portion of the left leg and foot, as well as the right ankle and foot. The portrait is slightly, but very slightly, idealized. The artist probably felt that the head of Forrest so closely resembled in character and grandeur the great Roman, that he refrained from doing anything beyond somewhat refining the outline of the jaw. But that it is bearded as Forrest himself is, it might almost pass when it has been stained with age, for a portrait of the man, *Coriolanus*. We use the word advisedly, for it is the statue of a man. There is nothing that is not grandly and gravely masculine about it. The sculptor would seem not to have been so anxious to exhibit his own knowledge and skill of hand, as to embody the actual and ideal being of the great actor, and the greater Roman. His success in doing so, is marvelous. His intention was to represent the Fifth Act of the play, and more especially those lines—

“Let the Voices
Plow Rome and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And know no other kin.”

“But in our opinion he has succeeded in doing far more. He has created a genuine type of the man—his pride, his fearlessness, and his truth, three qualities which as distinctively separate Edwin Forrest from the men of the present, as they did *Coriolanus* from the men of his epoch. We have said more than enough to induce any of our readers who are fond of art, should they visit Boston, a place we by no means specially recommend to their attention, to call at the Art-Gallery—a fairly sized store—of A. A. Childs, in Tremont street. They will then have an opportunity of realizing the fact that it has added another to the roll of names which by some unaccountable perversity, it is always thrusting down the throat of the United States. This time it is a great, although somewhat short name—that of Ball, the sculptor.”

Few of our artists have as yet returned from their summer fastnesses, waiting, doubtless for the brilliant color of the autumn foliage, but I fear they will be disappointed.

We have had so much wet weather during the past summer that the trees will not put on their customary rich costume. At all events, however, we have had many gorgeous sunsets, and the artists have doubtless availed themselves of these; so that if we do not see the beauties of the autumn in their work, we can at all events count upon seeing the beauties of the sky. At present there is nothing to write about,—the studios are empty—the picture shops uninteresting.

PALETTA.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Madame Ristori achieved another great success on Friday evening of last week, when she appeared as *Francesca da Rimini*, in Silvio Pellico's tragedy of the same name. There is a rare interest surrounding this tragedy, a romantic halo—written in a dungeon, with the author's blood, it impresses us with its fervor, intensity, and dramatic power—it is the outpouring of a burdened mind; the inspired child of the poet; and while we recoil from the harrowing details of the plot, we cannot but admire the indomitable energy of the author.

Pellico's “*Francesca da Rimini*” differs materially from Boker's tragedy of the same name, familiar to American audiences. In the former we are introduced to *Francesca* as the wife of *Lanciotto*, suffering under her compulsory marriage to the man she hated and despised, while her heart has been given to his brother *Paolo*. The whole action of the drama consists in the grief and struggles of *Francesca* under this unholy passion.

The plot, thus simplified, is equally simple in the distribution of its characters. *Francesca*, *Lanciotto*, *Paolo*, and *Giulo* (father of *Francesca*) forming the entire dramatis personæ; and such is the force and beauty of the execution that the interest throughout is intense; and in the hands of Ristori as the heroine, Glech as *Lanciotto*, Bozzo as *Paolo*, and Cesare Ristori as *Giulo*, its success on Friday evening was most complete.

Ristori has achieved fewer great successes than she accomplished in *Francesca*. Her pathos, the true womanly horror at the guilty passion that absorbed her were thrillingly sustained, and roused a large and decorous audience to a state of flattering excitement. Bozzo, who made his first appearance on this occasion, is an actor of rare talent, thoroughly master of his art, and evidently trained in the best schools of that art. He is singularly natural and real, compared to the artificiality of the stage of the present day, and possesses a fire and vigor which at times is really electric. His *Paolo* was a masterpiece. Glech played *Lanciotto* with great care, and, despite the disagreeableness of the part, met with decided applause; *Giulo* could not have fallen into more competent hands than those

of Cesare Ristori—the whole performance was the perfection of earnest, conscientious acting. Altogether, it is devoutly to be wished that it will not be long before the New York public will again have a chance to witness “*Francesca da Rimini*” as performed by the French Theatre company.

On Monday evening of this week Ristori renewed her triumph of last season in the arduous role of “*Elizabeth*.” The only important change of the cast from that of last season was the substitution of Bozzo for Glech in the part of *Essex*, in which that gentleman fully verified the promises of excellence given by him in *Paolo*. The play was mounted in a thoroughly artistic manner, the last scene in the third act calling forth enthusiastic applause.

As the season advances, and our citizens are returning from their summer haunts, the audiences at the French Theatre are increasing, and the success of the great Italian promises to be as great and overwhelming as that of last season.

At the Broadway Theatre, Forrest has appeared during the week in what are acknowledged to be two of his masterpieces, “*Macbeth*,” and “*Jack Cade*,” in which he has been admirably supported by Mme. Ponisi, (especially engaged,) and the excellent stock company of this establishment.

At the Olympic, “*Rip Van Winkle*” still lolls, rollics, drinks, and sleeps, to the delight of large audiences; after he has finished this agreeable and money-making performance we are promised “*A Midsummer Night's Dream*,” with all its richness of scenery, costume, and stage effect.

It is almost needless to say, that at the New York Theatre it is next to impossible to get within the doors after 8 p. m. “*Under the Gaslight*” is probably one of the worst plays that has been written in many years, and why the people will persist in going to see it, is, to an equably balanced mind, somewhat of a mystery.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in 24th street, “*Fra Diavolo*” and “*Too Much for Good-nature*” are still being played to crowded houses. Mr. Leffingwell's imitation of “the great tragedian” is something immense.

Banvard's Museum re-opens to-night, under the management of Mr. John de Pol, with an array of terpsichorean talent quite dazzling in its brilliancy. The vehicle employed to introduce these beauties of the “light fantastic” is the “*Devil's Auction*,” a sort of second, and it is to be hoped improved, edition of the “*Black Crook*.”

Wallack's Theatre opened on Wednesday evening, as per announcement; but owing to the early hour of going to press this week a notice of the performance must be deferred until the next issue of the ART JOURNAL.

SHUGGE.